

CANADA

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THE WAR CRY



EASTER
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BRANWELL BOOTH
GENERAL.

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CHARLES SOWTON
COMMISSIONER.



"Why Seek Ye The
Living Among The
Dead?
He Is Not Here, But
Is Risen."

HE IS RISEN!

WE HAVE REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD



An Easter Question

By The General

THE DEATH of the Son of God for our sins is the most tremendous fact of this world's history. No matter how it be regarded, the Cross of

Christ is a turning point in the world's development, and out of that Death-surrender have come, and are still to come, innumerable and unending blessings.

But it was not so much Death, even His own wonderful Death, upon which Jesus Christ, Himself, laid the greatest stress. It was Life—a new Life—a certain kind of Life—abundant Life—which was the great promise. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," He said, "he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Just as the death on the Hill of Calvary led to the Resurrection Life in the Garden of Arimathaea, so His death for each of us is to lead to His Life in us and to our living out that Life before men.

Here is a very important part of the message of The Salvation Army to the world. We say to men everywhere: "Turn from your evil ways and live." But we tell them further that that is only the beginning of Life—of a Life derived from the Life of Jesus, sanctified by the Spirit of God, and to be used for His Kingdom and Glory. The new Life of Jesus is intended to be seen, in every class, in every type of character, in every walk of life.

And so I put to you my Easter question: Is your life a Revelation of the Life of Jesus?

Reveal the Risen One

By Commissioner Sowton

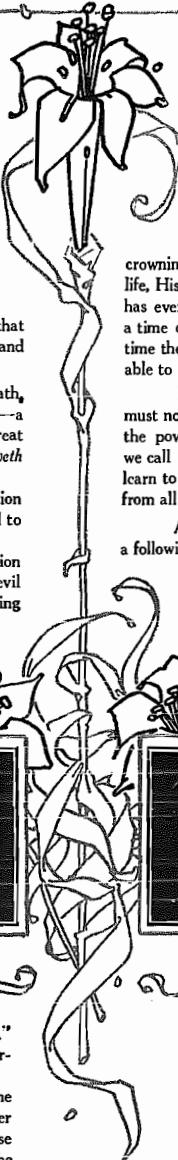
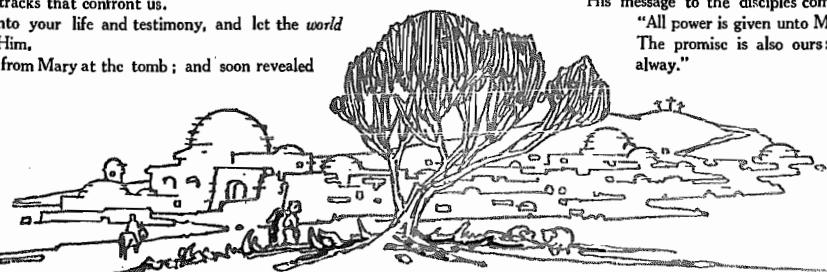
"THEY have taken away my Lord," was Mary's cry when she came to the sepulchre on the first Easter morning. This is the note of anguish from many hearts to-day.

"How is it you speak so much about Jesus?" asked a lady of me recently. "I hear and talk about God, and believe in Him, but seldom hear the name of Jesus." Yes, they have taken away our Lord; so this is my message this Easter-tide to every true follower of His. Tell them where to find Him!

The world to-day needs Jesus more than ever it did. He is the cure for its turmoil and unrest; His the power that alone can deliver from the bondage of evil habits; His alone the light that can disperse the gloom of superstition and doubt; He the one true Guide amid the maze of by-paths and side-tracks that confront us.

Bring Jesus more into your life and testimony, and let the world see Him, and it will desire Him.

He was not far away from Mary at the tomb; and soon revealed Himself to her when she wept and sought Him. May many this Easter, in the sanctuary and in the street, in the heart and in the home, also find Him.



Do You Follow Him?

By Mrs. Booth

THE EASTER FES-

TIVAL, when we commemorate the crowning miracle of our Saviour's life, His resurrection from the dead, has ever since my conversion been a time of great inspiration and uplift to me, perhaps because it was at Easter-time the risen Christ appeared to me suddenly and wondrously, and I was able to say, as Paul did, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

If Jesus is not to be disappointed in us, dear comrades, then we must not only know Him as our Saviour from sin, but we must know Him in the power of His resurrection. The beginning of our spiritual life, which we call conversion, can only be as the grave of all our hopes unless we learn to know Him also as our indwelling Saviour bringing to us a deliverance from all the things that belong to death.

Among other results of His life, Christ expected that He would have a following. "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me," He said. He knew that for those who would come to Him, accept His mastery, and be obedient to His word, a difference would be made in the direction of their life. Christ gave His life for others. He calls you to follow Him in this.

Will you obey?

Ever-Present Power

By Mrs. Commissioner Sowton

THE ENEMIES OF CHRIST thought they had for ever silenced His voice, when they nailed His precious hands and feet to the rugged Cross. They had seen Him laid in the tomb, the stone rolled to the entrance, the seal made secure, and the watch set to guard it. No longer would His life of purity and unselfishness condemn their's; He was dead!

But, Hallelujah! the grave could not hold the Lord of life and glory. He burst the bonds of death and the grave; the seal was broken; the stone rolled back. He arose triumphant!

Why? So that, through Him, mankind could find deliverance from the death of sin, and triumph over all the power of evil. This was the purpose of His coming, that He might redeem us from the power of sin and the grave.

His message to the disciples comes down to us to-day:

"All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth." The promise is also ours: "Lo, I am with you always."

Oh, let us afresh this Easter-tide claim the power, and the Presence, and go forth in the strength of the Conquering Christ to be overcomers.

MAKING FOWL OF THE AIR CARRY GLAD TIDINGS



Jack Miner

I WAS away in the Empire's capital that I first heard of the Missionary geese; so far has their fame traveled. So that when I found myself actually approaching a certain homestead within scent of Lake Erie, I was not a little curious to see both the wild geese and the interesting personality who sends them on their preaching tours.

My visit was of a whirlwind character. Breezy, smiling Jack Miner flung open the door with a boisterous welcome, pulled me into his cosy home and whisked me with a slap-on-the-back progress across to an apartment, windowed on three sides, and I found myself viewing a circular pond where a squad of geese was in action.

I had come for a story for "The War Cry," and in the first full-up minutes realized I should want more than a mere page to recount the thrilling stories he continued, almost without cessation, to whirl off at me from his unlimited repertoire.

"When father came here in '78 it was virgin forest; we shot wild deer from this very spot, and as for rattlesnakes . . . We literally chopped out our existence. I took to the woods as naturally as a hare."

He broke off in the middle of these reminiscences and sprang to the north window. "Look! See that little fellow?" I looked and saw nothing; but the keen, trained eye of the naturalist had seen and recognized some particular bird friend of his who had made a flying visit to a nearby tree branch.

I knew that an Army calendar was at the bottom of the idea of the messenger geese, so adroitly I switched the sunny-faced, big-framed son of the woods on to this genesis chapter.

"Yes, it was like this." And then he told me how, in the Fall of 1914, he had bought an Army calendar from a smiling woman Salvationist in a shop at Kingsville, had tucked it into his overcoat pocket and forgotten about it. A few days later he remarked a beautiful picture hanging on the dining-room wall, and, on enquiry, discovered to his surprise that it was the cover of the calendar he had bought from the Salvationist. Lifting

the cover, he saw on the under pages selected Scriptural verses for daily reading—"encouraging promises that seemed to fill the whole room with Heavenly bread right from God's own oven of life."

One clear, starlit night during that week, while he was on duty in the kiln which is behind a belt of trees and in which they make bricks from the clay Jack Miner's father accidentally discovered in the ground, and while speculating as to how he could pass these comforting promises on to others, he heard the swishing wings and low honking of a flock of ducks as they dropped into the pond about two hundred feet away.

It was at this moment that there flashed across his mind "like a star shooting across the heavens" the thought, "stamp those verses on what is now the blank side of your duck and goose tags." He jumped to his feet in

In less than a week the fowls of the air were carrying the Word of God over wide stretches of the North American Continent and in six months they were delivering it from the sunny side of the Atlantic to the far-off Indians and Esquimaux of Hudson Bay.

The work of catching the wild geese demanded no little ingenuity. For seven years Jack Miner had experimented with all manner of trap net contrivances which had more or less proved ineffective, for wild geese are very wary. At last, however, he hit upon a successful idea.

He took me across his grounds to the north ponds to see the great trap net he uses. It consists of a roof-like structure of wire netting covering a large area over the ponds. In order to catch the geese, these are hinged, are pulled up, so that the contrivance resembles one great expanse of roofing. Under this, corn, wheat and other delicacies are placed, and the few tame geese which remain at the homestead the year round are soon feeding there. Seeing their kinsmen enjoying the banquet, the wild fellows, who are simply callers at Jack Miner's sanctuary for a short

stay in their passage on their migratory routes, soon become covetous, and, plucking up courage, follow suit. At the proper moment, the long wire-netting sides are lowered, and there are your Cadet geese.

But, mind you, two hundred or so of geese take some tagging, and this is one of the occasions, Jack Miner will remind you, that he does not need to use dumbbells for exercise!

Thus the birds wing their way to the sky with their messages of Salvation, carrying them to the far northland, where their nesting grounds are, as well as to the peoples of South Carolina and other southern parts, where they winter.

The letters received from the recipients of the messages attest to the efficacy of this ingenious method of spreading the Word of God. One told of a comforting message received by a young soldier on the eve of his departure for the battlefields of Flanders; another came from the prison cell of a condemned murderer in a southern part of the United States. The Canada goose which had carried it was brought down by a prison guard who passed the tag on to the prisoners. The condemned man read the message, "Have faith in God," and it brought about his regeneration. Still another came from a Missionary in the Hudson's Bay country who told how Eskimaux had brought tags to him to be translated. They had found them on some of the big Emperor geese of the rare Alaskan species.

I was shown a large collection of the tags. One which had arrived the day before from New York showed that it had been tagged to the bird in the spring of 1924. "In everything give thanks" read the message.

They come from as far North as Baffin's Land, two thousand miles away. One I saw among the collection, recently returned from an Eskimau, was sent out in 1917.

"They come back every day," said Jack Miner. A member of the household was clearing the mail box while we were talking. "There'll be one there, sure enough," he said. There was. I was allowed to open it. It

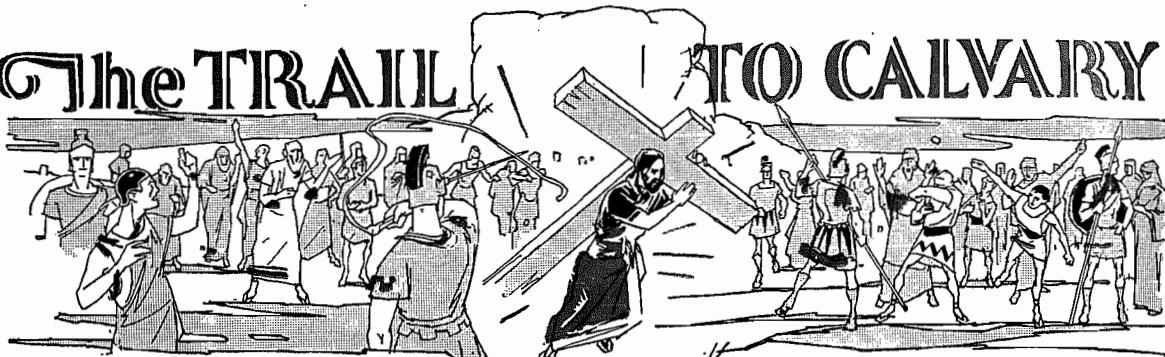
was from Munroe, Michigan. The tag contained the line, "The works of the Lord are great," and a very appreciative letter from the young man recipient was enclosed.

It would be impossible to record all the fragments of philosophy and the bon-mot that dropped from the

lips of this friend of the birds as he chattered away in his breezy fashion while we were exploring his well-groomed grounds, with their glorious rose walls, beautifully kept lawns and quiet woods—a veritable paradise for birds and water fowl.

But here are a few gleanings: "I have got nothing to boast of; back of Jack Miner has been the powerful Hand of the Unseen." "Fancy the Lord being so good to me; a man who, as a lad, hadn't the chance of a snowball in an oven." "God and a good girl can make a man out of a skunk-catcher." "I've done no work; work consists of doing something you don't like. Yet I'm as busy as a cow's tail in fly time." And all who experience the exuberant joy of having their hands full of useful work will say with this big-hearted intimate of nature who sends messages from Army calendars through the air, "I'm so happy, I'm going to live a hundred years or die in the attempt!"—B.C.

The TRAIL



VIA DOLOROSA.

The way of sorrows.

Much has been said and written about the road to Calvary; pictures have been painted, poems written and sermons preached in an effort to illustrate the suffering of Him who trod that bitter way. To travelers in the Holy Land there is still pointed out the street along which it is supposed He bore His Cross to the Place of a Skull. Earnest souls have tried for centuries to visualize His last earthly journey by means of the stations commemorating events and words believed to have immediately preceded the consummation of His passion.

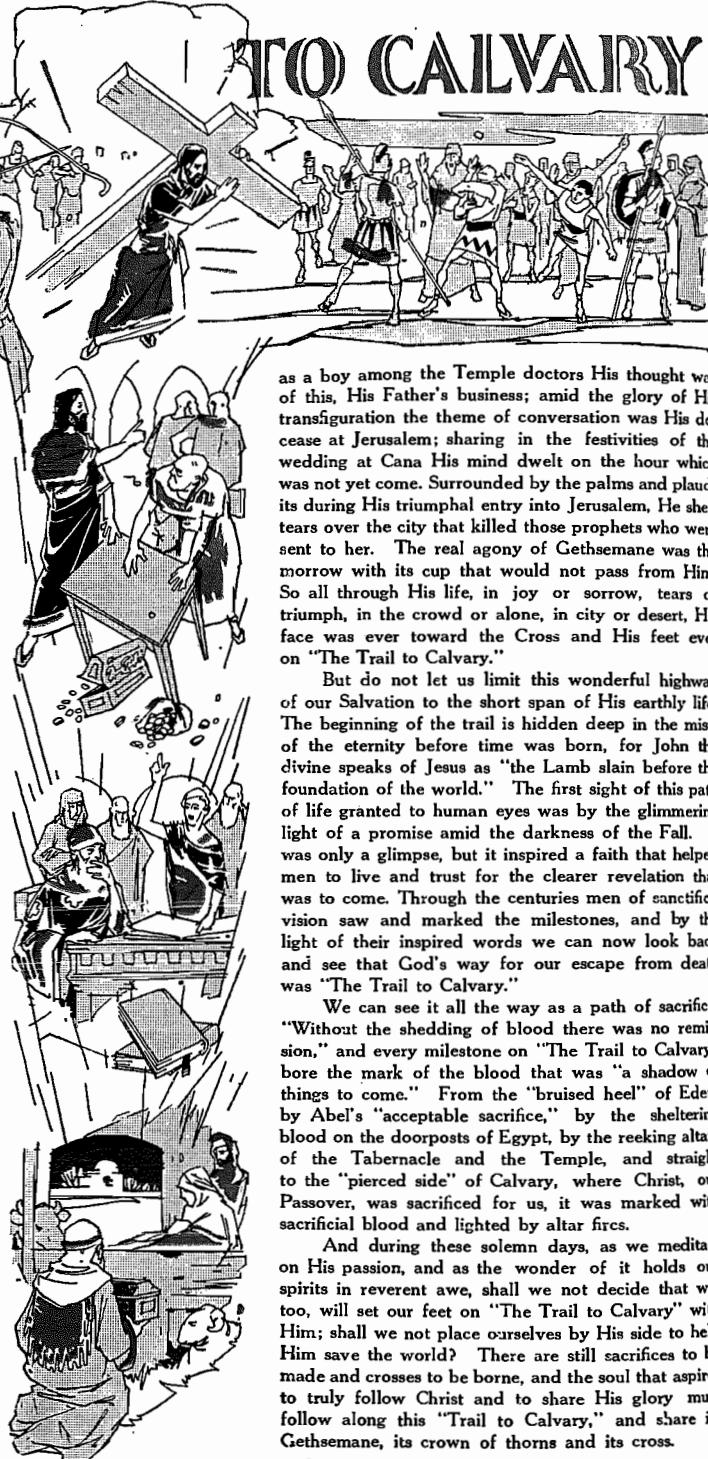
But it seems that the same divine wisdom which kept the burial place of Moses a secret has made our very ignorance a safeguard against the danger of "The Trail to Calvary" being degraded to a mere geographical term. Along what street did He bear His Cross as a condemned criminal? Where did Simon of Cyrene lift the Cross from His exhausted shoulder? At what place did the "daughters of Jerusalem" hear His solemn warning, "Weep for yourselves"?

Fortunately for us these are questions which can never be answered. God in mercy has decreed that the stones consecrated by His Blood shall not be desecrated by our tears and kisses. We look in vain for marks of His feet in any Jerusalem street. We cannot even be sure of the place where He was crucified. No, no, "The Trail to Calvary" must not be narrowed to a Jewish thoroughfare. The multitudes of every tribe and nation for which He opened that way to the Cross cannot be confined between human dwellings. As He is lifted up and draws all men unto Him they will "come from the east and the west to sit down in the Kingdom," and "The Trail to Calvary" must be so wide that no penitent soul shall be hindered, no faltering one lifting the eye of faith shall have his view of the Cross obstructed.

The "Trail to Calvary" is a highway of the soul. His sufferings on the way to the Cross were agonies of spirit more than of body, the burden of the world's sin far outweighed the Roman Cross, "They know not what they do" reveals a keener pang than "I thirst." For Him it was not a few hundred yards to be traveled in physical torture and ending in death; it was the final stage of an age-long journey from His eternal glory to depths of humiliation and suffering so terrible that our minds cannot conceive the spiritual horror that wrung from His dying lips the cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

"The Trail to Calvary" did not begin at Pilate's Hall of Judgment, nor at the scene of His arrest in the garden. His whole life was a journey toward the place where our Salvation was purchased. Bethlehem was as truly on the way to Calvary as Gethsemane.

Among the gifts of His manger-cradle was the myrrh of sacrifice;



as a boy among the Temple doctors His thought was of this, His Father's business; amid the glory of His transfiguration the theme of conversation was His decease at Jerusalem; sharing in the festivities of the wedding at Cana His mind dwelt on the hour which was not yet come. Surrounded by the palms and plaudits during His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, He shed tears over the city that killed those prophets who were sent to her. The real agony of Gethsemane was the morrow with its cup that would not pass from Him. So all through His life, in joy or sorrow, tears or triumph, in the crowd or alone, in city or desert, His face was ever toward the Cross and His feet ever on "The Trail to Calvary."

But do not let us limit this wonderful highway of our Salvation to the short span of His earthly life. The beginning of the trail is hidden deep in the mists of the eternity before time was born, for John the divine speaks of Jesus as "the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world." The first sight of this path of life granted to human eyes was by the glimmering light of a promise amid the darkness of the Fall. It was only a glimpse, but it inspired a faith that helped men to live and trust for the clearer revelation that was to come. Through the centuries men of sanctified vision saw and marked the milestones, and by the light of their inspired words we can now look back and see that God's way for our escape from death was "The Trail to Calvary."

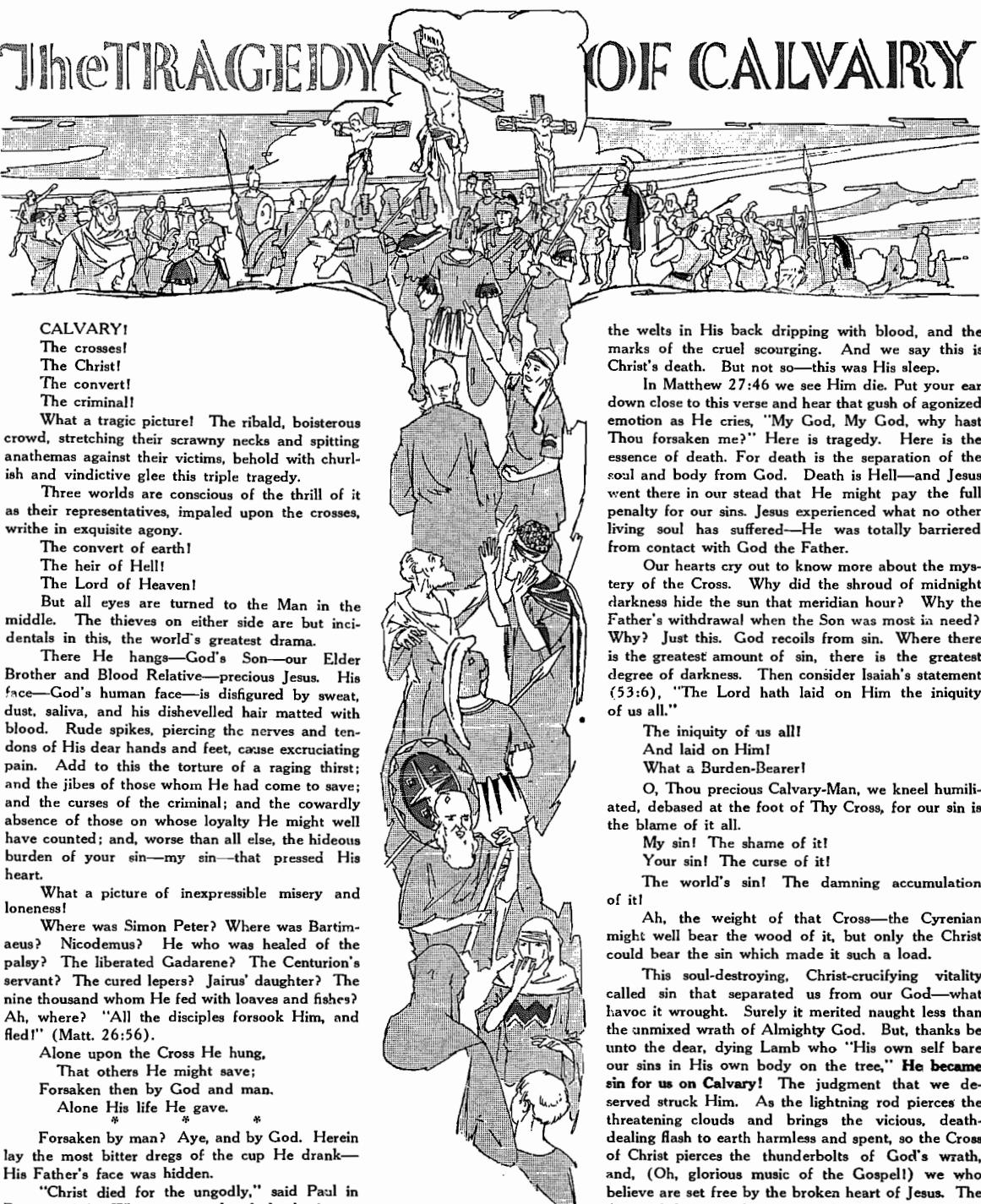
We can see it all the way as a path of sacrifice. "Without the shedding of blood there was no remission," and every milestone on "The Trail to Calvary" bore the mark of the blood that was "a shadow of things to come." From the "bruised heel" of Eden, by Abel's "acceptable sacrifice," by the sheltering blood on the doorposts of Egypt, by the reeking altars of the Tabernacle and the Temple, and straight to the "pierced side" of Calvary, where Christ, our Passover, was sacrificed for us, it was marked with sacrificial blood and lighted by altar fires.

And during these solemn days, as we meditate on His passion, and as the wonder of it holds our spirits in reverent awe, shall we not decide that we, too, will set our feet on "The Trail to Calvary" with Him; shall we not place ourselves by His side to help Him save the world? There are still sacrifices to be made and crosses to be borne, and the soul that aspires to truly follow Christ and to share His glory must follow along this "Trail to Calvary," and share its Gethsemane, its crown of thorns and its cross.

Our crosses are hewn from different trees.
But we all must have our Calvaries.
We may climb the height from a different side,
But we all go up to be crucified.
As we scale the steep, another may share
The heavy load that our shoulders bear,
But the costliest sorrow is all our own,
For on the summit we bleed alone.

JOSEPH GALWAY, Commandant.

The TRAGEDY OF CALVARY



CALVARY!
The crosses!
The Christ!
The convert!
The criminal!

What a tragic picture! The ribald, boisterous crowd, stretching their scrawny necks and spitting anathemas against their victims, behold with churlish and vindictive glee this triple tragedy.

Three worlds are conscious of the thrill of it as their representatives, impaled upon the crosses, writhe in exquisite agony.

The convert of earth!
The heir of Hell!
The Lord of Heaven!

But all eyes are turned to the Man in the middle. The thieves on either side are but incidentals in this, the world's greatest drama.

There He hangs—God's Son—our Elder Brother and Blood Relative—precious Jesus. His face—God's human face—is disfigured by sweat, dust, saliva, and his dishevelled hair matted with blood. Rude spikes, piercing the nerves and tendons of His dear hands and feet, cause excruciating pain. Add to this the torture of a raging thirst; and the jibes of those whom He had come to save; and the curses of the criminal; and the cowardly absence of those on whose loyalty He might well have counted; and, worse than all else, the hideous burden of your sin—my sin—that pressed His heart.

What a picture of inexpressible misery and loneliness!

Where was Simon Peter? Where was Bartimaeus? Nicodemus? He who was healed of the palsy? The liberated Gadarene? The Centurion's servant? The cured lepers? Jairus' daughter? The nine thousand whom He fed with loaves and fishes? Ah, where? "All the disciples forsook Him, and fled!" (Matt. 26:56).

Alone upon the Cross He hung,
That others He might save;
Forsaken then by God and man.
Alone His life He gave.
* * *

Forsaken by man? Aye, and by God. Herein lay the most bitter dregs of the cup He drank—His Father's face was hidden.

"Christ died for the ungodly," said Paul in Romans 5:6. When we speak of death, immediately the flesh trespasses into our reckoning. We remember a wasted form, a coffin, a yawning grave, tears, and hearts all hurt with grief; yet, death is not primarily a matter of the flesh at all. In fact, what we commonly term death Jesus called "sleep." "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep," He said.

Likewise, when we speak of the tragedy of Calvary, we envisage the rugged Cross. We hear the mockery of His tormentors, dehumanized by hate. We see the Divine Victim, His five bleeding wounds,

the welts in His back dripping with blood, and the marks of the cruel scourging. And we say this is Christ's death. But not so—this was His sleep.

In Matthew 27:46 we see Him die. Put your ear down close to this verse and hear that gush of agonized emotion as He cries, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Here is tragedy. Here is the essence of death. For death is the separation of the soul and body from God. Death is Hell—and Jesus went there in our stead that He might pay the full penalty for our sins. Jesus experienced what no other living soul has suffered—He was totally barriered from contact with God the Father.

Our hearts cry out to know more about the mystery of the Cross. Why did the shroud of midnight darkness hide the sun that meridian hour? Why the Father's withdrawal when the Son was most in need? Why? Just this. God recoils from sin. Where there is the greatest amount of sin, there is the greatest degree of darkness. Then consider Isaiah's statement (53:6), "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

The iniquity of us all!
And laid on Him!
What a Burden-Bearer!

O, Thou precious Calvary-Man, we kneel humiliated, debased at the foot of Thy Cross, for our sin is the blame of it all.

My sin! The shame of it!
Your sin! The curse of it!

The world's sin! The damning accumulation of it!

Ah, the weight of that Cross—the Cyrenian might well bear the wood of it, but only the Christ could bear the sin which made it such a load.

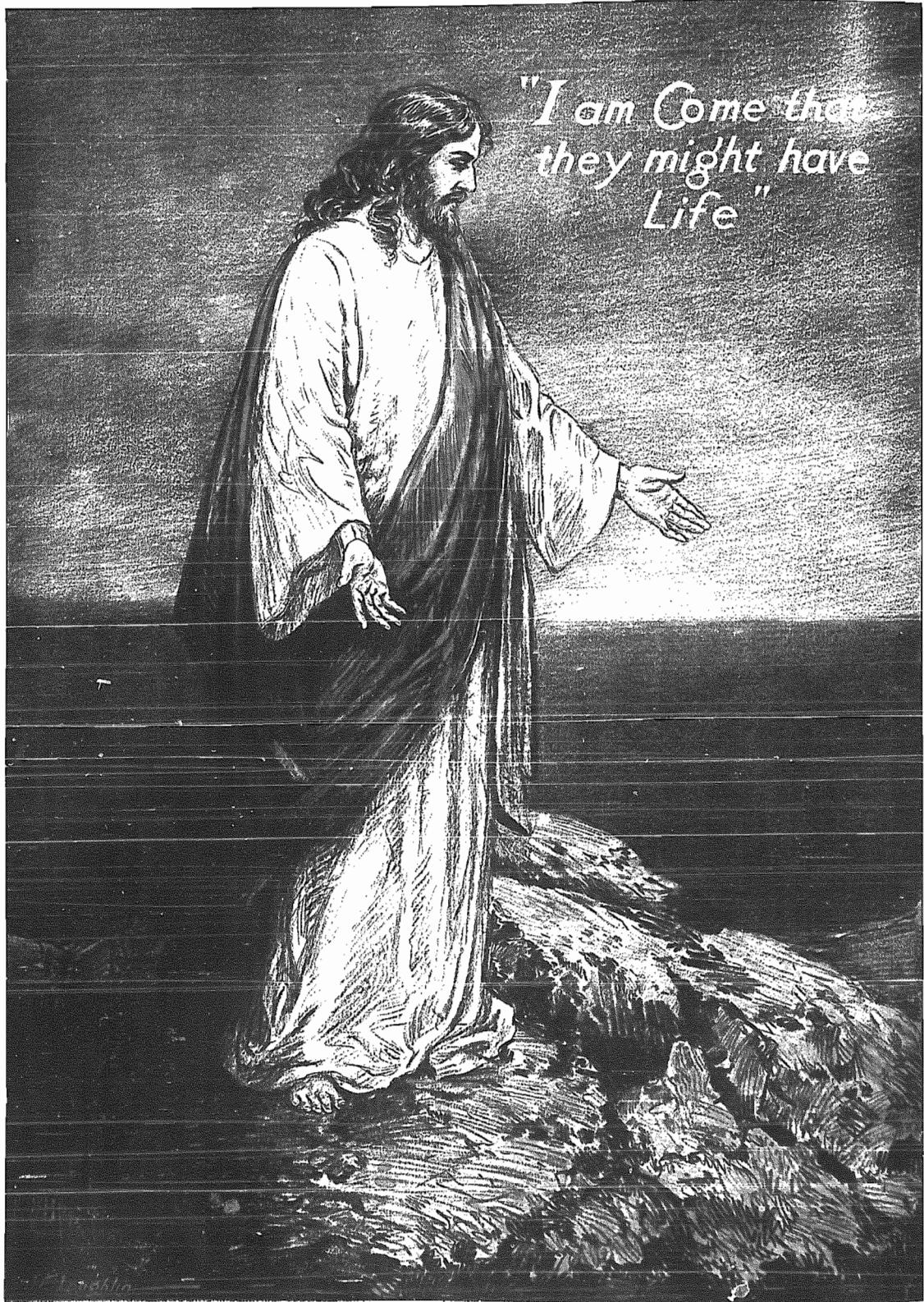
This soul-destroying, Christ-crucifying vitality called sin that separated us from our God—what havoc it wrought. Surely it merited naught less than the unmixed wrath of Almighty God. But, thanks be unto the dear, dying Lamb who "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." He became sin for us on Calvary! The judgment that we deserved struck Him. As the lightning rod pierces the threatening clouds and brings the vicious, death-dealing flash to earth harmless and spent, so the Cross of Christ pierces the thunderbolts of God's wrath, and, (Oh, glorious music of the Gospel!) we who believe are set free by the broken heart of Jesus. The Cross of death has become an altar, and the chrysalis to life.

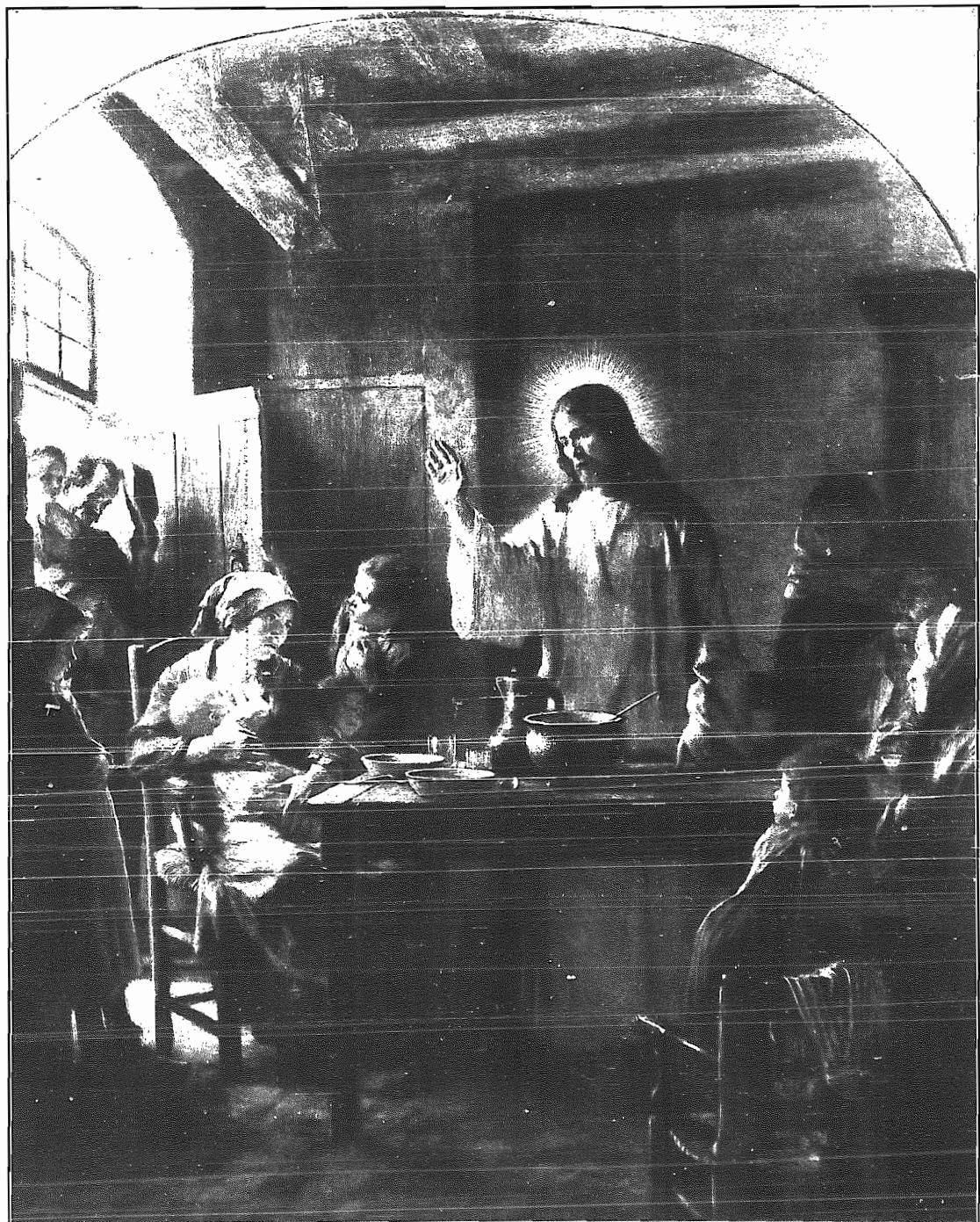
Let us pray—

Dear Kinsman of ours: Please let the shadow of Thy Cross ever fall a-slant our hearts, that the memory of Thy dying may be real and precious to us. Make Passion Day to us the most solemn of the year, and may every reader step into the noble succession of those who bear the Cross along the trail that leads to Calvary. Amen.

P. LeROY DeBEVOISE, Ensign.

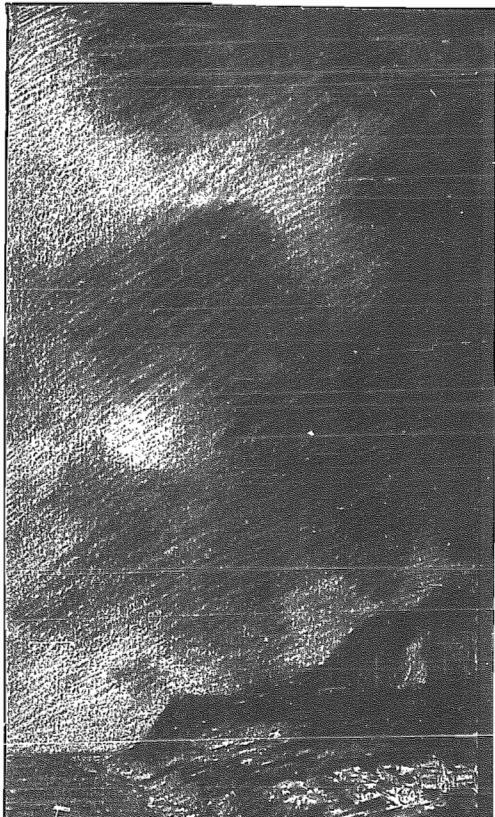
*"I am Come that
they might have
Life"*





Presented with the Canada East Easter Edition of "THE WAR CRY" 1926

AMONG THE LOWLY



LOVE DIVINE

*He came—the spotless Son of God—
To make atonement for us;
To intercept the threatening rod
Of justice hanging o'er us.
All hell, in anger and surprise,
Beheld the wondrous sacrifice;
While angel songsters filled the skies,
With their applauding chorus.*

*He lived—the sinless Son of Man—
Our mortal nature wearing,
The better to achieve His plan,
Our toils and struggles sharing.
With those who wept, He shed the tear,
The sick took heart as He drew near;
His word the dead were wont to hear,
His sovereignty declaring.*

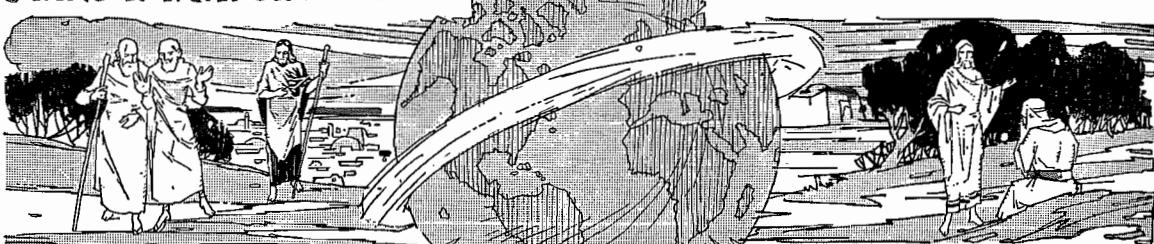
*He died—the Lamb from blemish free;
Oh! wondrous substitution!
He took our place upon the tree
Of wrath, the retribution;
His dying hath His love revealed,
Our gaping wounds His stripes have healed,
His blood hath our redemption sealed.
Oh! Glorious absolution.*

*He rose! He burst the sullen grave—
The Lord of all creation,
Took up again the life He gave,
Triumphant demonstration.
He lives to stem the awful flood,
The justice of a holy God;
For us to plead His precious blood,
The price of our Salvation.*

Verses by Staff-Captain Charles Collier



The TRIUMPH OF CALVARY



"IT IS FINISHED!" This utterance of the Crucified Christ on that Hill of Massacre was one charged with glorious triumph. "Jesus cried . . ." says the evangelist, "with a loud voice."

It was the exultant cry of a victor! It was the shout of triumphant Love! The Son of God had perfected Love's Sacrifice, and sealed with His heart's Blood the new covenant betwixt God and man. His warfare was accomplished. The Son of Man, who "had not where to lay His head", had entered into His rest.

"It is finished!" How tremendous the significance of that cry of the Conqueror. Finished! His earthly pilgrimage was over. He had resisted the temptations; He had suffered the misunderstandings, the malice and mockery of hellish legions; He had borne witness to the truth; He had endured the ignominy of that last bitter week; He had been led by men, whose breath He held in His hands, to the Hill of Shame; He had "laid down His life." Now He had come to the end of the sorrow-lined way. Now it was finished. His mission was fulfilled! Weary with the long warfare, He laid down His head and handed over His spirit.

But the enemies of the dead Nazarene misunderstood that victorious cry. They imagined that it was a confession of defeat. They, in their blind ignorance, thought that cry put an end once for all to the "King of the Jews"—His body would be flung, like those of other crucified criminals, to the carrion birds and pariah dogs, and that would be the end.

They were soon undeceived. Follow the happenings quickly—the earthquake; the blackened sky; the rending of the veil of the temple (to the disciples, no chance occurrence, but a symbol of tremendous significance) the people, trembling with awe and fear, smiting their breasts and hurrying to their homes.

Then picture Joseph and his friend, Nicodemus, sharing in the mournful last ministrations as, groaning under the remorse the remembrance of their cowardice brought, they tenderly lift the mangled body of our Lord from the Cross, wrap it in linen and carry it to Joseph's own hewn tomb in the garden nearby, and there embalm it with a princely gift of myrrh and aloes. See them, as that sad evening is closing in, and with this kingly burial, thus laying our Lord to rest.

The Paschal Sabbath passes in quietude—the people remain inactive in accordance with the law. Then dawns that momentous third day—the most momentous morn in the history of the world. On the happenings of this day the very foundation of our hope and faith rests.

The disappointed Eleven, for fear of the truculent rulers, remain in hiding, but in her home at Bethany is a loving heart which fear cannot conquer. Mary Magdalene is out before dawn breaks, and



in company with other of the grief-stricken women-folk, repairs to Olivet. Reaching Joseph's tomb they find, to their alarm, the stone slab removed, and surmise that the body has been carried away.

With beating heart, Mary hastens to the retreat of Peter and John, who, learning the news, throw fear to the winds and hurry to the garden. John, arriving first, peers down into the niche where the Lord's body should have lain, but finds only the ceremonies lying loose. Breaking into the sepulchre after him, Peter, with characteristic impetuosity, leaps down to make a closer examination of the grave.

Astonishment seizes him! What could it mean? The grave-clothes are lying as though the body had evaporated. The napkin which had covered His head still retains its fold; it had not collapsed when His head was withdrawn. Prompted, probably by Peter's astonished cry, John also jumps down to make closer inspection of the miracle.

Then the wondrous truth awakes within him—a glorious fact which has made glad the hearts of countless multitudes—He had conquered the grave! Death had been vanquished. Jesus had risen!

Low in the grave He lay, Jesus, my Saviour;
Waiting the coming day; Jesus, my Lord.

Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes:
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives for ever in my heart to reign,

He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Earth-gladening truth! The principalities and powers of darkness, arrayed in defiance, had been vanquished by the conquering Lion of Judah. Man's greatest Champion had destroyed man's greatest foe. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

His mighty work accomplished, the resurrected Christ had brought to Adam's race redemption; had quelled the arch-supplanter, Satan, and had overthrown his kingdom; had won Jehovah back his own.

His enemies thought they had put an end to Christ the King, but though they might build a barricade around Him, they could not build a roof over His head. He tore the rocky bonds asunder, spread His hands and blessed the people, and then in regal splendor ascended to Heaven, where He sits on the right hand of the Throne of God to reign for ever and ever, offering to tempted mortal freedom from sin's foul dominion, deliverance from evil passions, safety through the Holy Ghost, and life eternal.

All hail, glorious Victor! All hail, triumphant Christ, King of kings and Lord of lords!

BRAMWELL COLES, Adjutant.



EASTER ECHOES

THE SECRET OF EASTER

Easter-time saw my enrolment under the Colors, at Charlottetown, a very treasured memory. Easter memories date back to boyhood, when mother and father sang in the village choir, and I can hear them now rehearsing—

"Raise your glad voices, in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and men shall not die."

In my early twenties, in Boston, I watched the Easter worshippers gather at Phillip Brooks' church; saw, within, those literal banners of lily blooms; heard heavenly anthems, and the Easter story told with inspired and inspiring eloquence by that since-sainted servant of the Master. Twenty-five years ago, a Canadian Officer, then Ensign Ethel Galt, sang on Easter Sunday afternoon—

"All round the empty grave, let us shout for joy;
We are going to live again, never more to die."

Strange how the weaving of personality, speech or song, with a theme, will re-create it for us, but the singer's happy vein brought a new Easter revelation. Not that I had never been entranced before—on the contrary; for as a choir-master for years, music and song had lent familiar and happy wing to its true interpretation, and there was sympathetic response in my soul.

For years after enrolment, and until leaving Charlottetown, I had taken my folding organ into the Hospital wards. It was indeed a compensating sight to note suffering features re-lit, and hear voices raised from many a cot, joining in the Salvation songs, especially at Christmas and Easter.

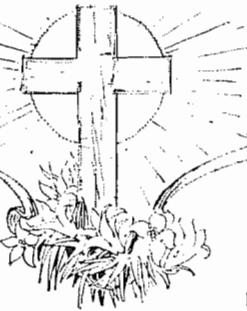
Easter in Winnipeg—at the old Coffee House, with Dick Parsons; at the Sunday morning Police Court; at the Jail. Easter at Calgary—at the old Mounted Barracks, with Jim Miller and Jim Proctor. One Easter behind the scenes, fighting for very life, yet given a lyric and a song.

The recollections are impersonal, except as they may bear on

The Secret

We believe that the Adored One was not the only one who rose from the dead—He was the first-fruits. We believe that every death implies, and is, a resurrection. We believe in the immortality of the soul. But—have we missed it—do we believe we are immortal now; and further, that our resurrection to newness of life and to service for our fellows is an accomplished, present fact? In a practical sense this is surely more important.

Here is the secret of Easter—we are now raised, and should be fulfilling the true function of true life. The great question of the hour is "Are we dead unto sin, and alive unto God?"—W.A.H.



ECHOS

POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION

Resurrection Power is power over death. We look on "The Resurrection" as the grand proof of Christ's Divinity; the criterion of His ministry; the foundation of our hopes of victory and Heaven. It is the bed-rock principle on which the great church of Christ is built. But this Power reaches farther than even that. If Resurrection Power is power over death, it is also power over life.

This Resurrection Power is life-imparting. Life which can overcome death must be the same power that gave us life—physical life. This is the God we have worshipped from the beginning as Creator, our Father. How transcendently great is the thought that not only is He the Author of physical life, but He is the Producer, Author and Originator of that Life which He said would be "in him a well of water springing up." Quality as well as quantity.

God, who generated life in the soul, has power to sustain it. Paul fits thoughts into words in his own inimitable way: "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you

will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." God will put within us sustaining power to keep us unspotted from the world. When temptations assail; when sorrows and bereavements overwhelm; when humbled, ill-treated, persecuted, harassed, Resurrection Power will prevail over death and the life of God will be sustained in our souls.

The grandeur of spiritual life as enjoyed by the true child of God is far beyond the bounds of human expression; the wonders of God's grace in sustaining in us His priceless gifts have called forth floods of eloquence, but what voice can tell, what pen describe, what heart frame adequate expression of the greatest of all powers God has committed to man; the power to become a worker with Him in reproducing the life of God in the hearts of sinning, suffering people around us. The Creator deputes marvelous power to men. The Life-giver brings sinful men back to His own image by putting upon them—in them—His Spirit and enabling them to reproduce in others what He has done in them. Oh! What a power is this! The Maker allows the work of His hands power to make. The Author of our Salvation imparts the power to achieve His own work, so that we can feel His power working in and through us. What a wonderful realization this!

Reader, has this vision of Power dawned upon you? Has the glory and joy of saving men yet flooded your soul? It is divine to enter into an intimate partnership with the Eternal God. This is what it meant to the Apostle, "to know Him and the power of His resurrection." What does it mean to you?—C.T.

The AGONY of JESUS

So they came to a place called Gethsemane. There He said to His disciples, "Sit down here till I have prayed." Then He took with Him Peter, James and John, and began to be full of terror and distress, and He said to them, "My heart is oppressed with anguish to the very point of death: wait here and keep awake."

Going forward a short distance He threw Himself upon His face and prayed repeatedly that, if it was possible, He might be spared that time of agony; and He said, "Abba! my Father! all things are possible for Thee: take this cup of suffering away from me: and yet not what I desire, but what Thou destest."



Then He came and found them asleep, and He said to Peter, "Simon, are you asleep? Had you not strength to keep awake a single hour? Be wakeful, all of you, and keep on praying, that you may not come into temptation: the spirit is right willing, but the body is frail." He again went away and prayed, using the very same words.

When He returned He again found them asleep, for they were very tired; and they knew not how to answer Him. A third time He came, and then He said, "Sleep on and rest. Enough! the hour is come. Even now they are betraying the Son of Man into the hands of sinful men. Rouse yourselves, let us be going: My betrayer is close at hand."

Immediately, while He was still speaking, Judas, one of the Twelve, came, and with him a crowd of men armed with swords and bludgeons, sent by the High Priests and Scribes and Elders. Now the betrayer had arranged a signal with them: "The one whom I kiss is the man: lay hold of him, and take him safely away." So he came, and going straight to Jesus he said, "Rabbi!" and kissed him with seeming affection; whereupon they laid hands on Him and held Him firmly.—Mark 14.

So they came to a place called Golgotha, which means "Skull-ground." Here they gave Him a mixture of wine and gall to drink, but having tasted it He refused to drink it. After crucifying Him, they divided His garments among them by lot, and sat down there on guard. Over His head they placed a written statement of the charge against Him: "This is Jesus the King of the Jews." At the same time two robbers were crucified with Him, one at His right hand and the other at His left.

And the passers-by reviled Him. They shook their heads at Him and said, "You who would pull down the Sanctuary and build a new one within three days, save yourself. If you are God's Son, come down from the cross."

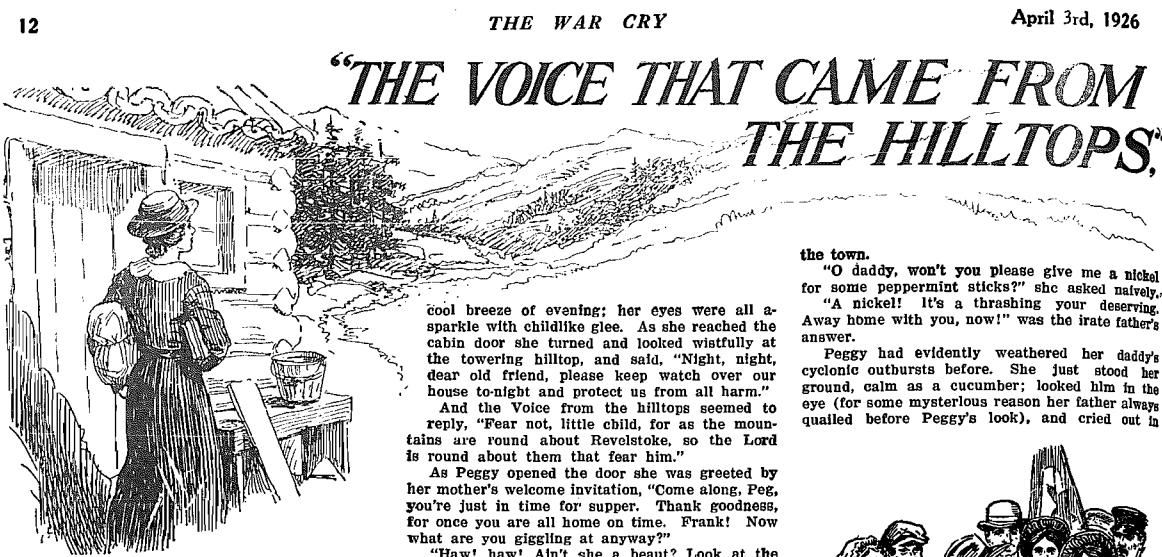
In like manner the High Priests also, together with the Scribes and Elders, taunted Him, "He saved others," they said, "Himself He cannot save! He is the King of Israel: let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe in Him. His trust is in God: let God deliver Him now, if He will have Him; for He said, 'I am God's Son.' Insults of the same kind were heaped on Him even by the robbers who were being crucified with Him.

Now from noon until three o'clock there was darkness over the whole land; but about three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" that is to say, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Psalm 22:1). "The man is calling for Elijah," said some of the bystanders. One of them ran forthwith, and filling a sponge with sour wine put it on the end of a cane and was giving Him the wine to drink; while the rest said, "Let us see whether Elijah is coming to deliver Him," but Jesus uttered another loud cry, and died.—Matthew 27.

—From "The New Testament in Modern Speech," Dr. Weymouth's translation.



"THE VOICE THAT CAME FROM THE HILLTOPS,"



The silent twilight.
The softness of departing day.
The perfect calm of an early Spring evening.
The sky a translucent green, studded with
scarcely-to-be-seen, blinking stars.

Veils of transparent greys, purples and mauves
hiding the mountain peak.

Utopia!

Suddenly the silence was disturbed, and a shrill, girlish voice echoed from the bosom of the mountains yonder. She was singing—

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord
Who Heaven and earth hath made."

For many a year the Psalms of David had proven a staff and comfort to her parents, had soothed their sorrows and their fears. And now Peggy, the youngest daughter in the home, bade fair to follow in the parental trail. On this particular even she came skipping down the gentle

slope that led to the humble log cabin she called her home. Her hair ran riot, touched by the



"Mother, I've decided to join The Army!" she blurted out.

cool breeze of evening; her eyes were all a-sparkle with childlike glee. As she reached the cabin door she turned and looked wistfully at the towering hilltop, and said, "Night, night, dear old friend, please keep watch over our house to-night and protect us from all harm."

And the Voice from the hilltops seemed to reply, "Fear not, little child, for as the mountains are round about Revelstoke, so the Lord is round about them that fear him."

As Peggy opened the door she was greeted by her mother's welcome invitation. "Come along, Peg, you're just in time for supper. Thank goodness, for once you are all home on time. Frank! Now what are you giggling at anyway?"

"Haw! haw! Ain't she a beaut? Look at the eyes of her—for all the world like two saucers. Bet she's been flirting with the moon," exclaimed Frank.

"Hm. Lookit her teeth, too. Catch that grin? Talk about elephant's teeth—say, Sis, you've got 'em, I'll say," chimed in another brother. "First thing you know the mounties'll have your map on the wall of their rogues' gallery!"

Poor girlie! She was always the butt of their puns and jokes. Eyes that had reflected the glory of the sunset now brimmed with unshed tears. And supper that night was a painful ordeal. You see Peggy always took things so very seriously in life, and her brothers' funning about her appearance wounded her spirit.

That night, at her bedside, Peggy unb burdened her heart before the Lord, and prayed a prayer that she has never forgotten to this day—"O, dear Lord Jesus, won't you please make me pretty so the boys will love me?" *

The heroine of our story was born of Welsh parentage, in Oswestry, Shropshire, England. When she was five years of age her parents, with their seven children, emigrated to Canada, finally settling in Revelstoke, B.C., where there were only three frame houses in that town, all others being log shacks. And that wasn't yesterday.

In Revelstoke there was the proverbial "general store"; one of those places where you could buy hams, nails, gingham, coughdrops, tobacco, mistletoe and embalming fluid. There was the usual stove in centre of said store, and each evening the male population, numbering almost a dozen, would gather round it and wile away the hours discussing "how this 'ere country oughta be run fer to keep 'em off the rocks."

Into this august company of self-constituted Parliamentarians our little girl of the hills one time made her way. The storekeeper, always glad for a customer, greeted her kindly, "Ah, wee Peggy. I ken that ye're well to-day. Your face is always a-sheen wi' smiles."

"Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la," sang Peggy. "You know a merry heart doeth good like medicine."

"Law me, gel. And fra wha d'ye get your knowin' o' the Scripters?" exclaimed the buxom man of wares.

"Scripters!" thundered an angry voice from behind the stove. "Scripters? I'll teach her Scripters if she doesn't get back home at this hour of the night. Sure as she talks like a cherub but lives like an imp. What brings you here, saucy little rascal?" It was the voice of her hard-shelled, Calvinistic father, the chronic crank of

the town.

"O daddy, won't you please give me a nickel for some peppermint sticks?" she asked naively.

"A nickel! It's a thrashing you deserve. Away home with you, now!" was the irate father's answer.

Peggy had evidently weathered her daddy's cyclonic outbursts before. She just stood her ground, calm as a cucumber; looked him in the eye (for some mysterious reason her father always quailed before Peggy's look), and cried out in quailed before Peggy's look), and cried out in



"I won't budge an inch," cried Peggy.

a high-pitched voice, "Yes, and you call yourself a Christian—you, who won't give your little girl five cents. Shame!"

Having delivered the wrath of her soul, she, with the dignity of a prophetess, retreated from the scene, leaving as a parting shot, "When the wicked speak, flee from them!"

As the door slammed there was a titter among the interested spectators. "Tom," said one to the vexed father, "that there girl of yours is no ordinary kid. If she wasn't one of the female species, I'd wager a dollar to a doughnut as she'd be a parson or something!"

This man spoke words truer than he knew, for though Peggy never became a parson, she did become "something" as good as one.

As Revelstoke grew in population it ward off worse in evil. In one district of the town red lights boldly flaunted their suggestive invitations to the brazen men of the mountains.

Whenever Peggy met one of the girls on the street she noticed the cold, glassy stare, the loveless, sad countenances, the fidelate use of cosmetics, and her little heart went out in sympathy for them.

One day, when rolling alone on the pine-clad hillside, Peggy received a revelation from the great Help-giver of the hilltops. It was about those poor girls with the worried faces.

Now the sunlit summits had then, aye, have still, this effect upon Peggy. She must needs kneel at a sight of them. To her the tops always have seemed to be alive with the majesty of God. On this particular day she knelt at the foot of the hill, when, quietly, insistently and very real, there came a Voice out of the hilltops. "It's about those miserable girls," came the still, small sound. "Take to them My message of hope."

The child (she was eleven years old at this time) accepted the message without question. She had ever been a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, so this inspiration was nothing unusual to her. On her way home an Unseen Presence accompanied Peggy, and made clear to her how she was

to deliver that "message of hope."

She quickly secured pen, ink and paper, and, in jerky, childish hand-writing, penned several brief messages and sealed them in envelopes.

Thus it was that in the dusk of one evening hour a little girl was seen to timidly step down the street with its weird, red lights. On tip-toe she neared a door, stealthily slipped one of her letters through the crack, and then went along to the next several houses until all her letters were delivered.

It was a little while later that one of the girls espied an envelope peeking under the door, picked it up, opened it, and to her sisters in shame read these words:

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool. Jesus can do it for you. He loves you and I love you."

"Your friend, Peggy."

Our heroine was learning never to be disobeyed to that Voice that came from the hilltops.

* * *

Time rolled on.

Civilization rolled in.

And the latest evidences of it were a pair of pocket-bonneted girls, said to be pioneer Officers of The Salvation Army. They opened fire in the very district where Peggy, six years before, had distributed her hope messages. Surely, here was something new for the consideration of the mountaineers' council down at the general store.

"Shockin'est thing ever hit our town!" said one.

"Confounded female nerve, I take it," fired another.

"And those coal-seuttle bonnets that they wear!" joined in Peggy's dad. "If my girl ever wear on one of 'ose things I'd disinherit her—I would."

Peggy also had an opinion of her own—and, for once in a long time, it happened to coincide with her father's opinion. Said she, stamping her foot in vehement style, "I wouldn't wear one of those hideous hats not for—no, not for all the gold in the Yukon!" And she said it all the louder because when she had seen the new Officers for the first time, that familiar Voleo whispered, "Peggy, some day you must wear a hat like that!"

Fancy it! A coal-seuttle hat! And she had asked Jesus to make her pretty so the boys would love her! "I just won't. There now!" she replied to the Voice.

One night curiosity took her to the meeting-hall, and, much to her surprise, she found herself at the mercy-seat in short order. She went home, and told her mother she was "saved" at The Army.

"What! You've been to a Salvation Army meetin'!" exclaimed her mother. "Take that!" Swat! And Peggy got such a box on the ears that it knocked all the "saved" out of her for a long while.

Now we have known a box on the ears to knock a lot of hoodum ideas out of some girls' heads, but it didn't knock the convicting Spirit of God out of this lastie's heart.

"You must become a Salvationist and wear one of those bonnets," persisted the accusing Voleo.

Thus, for many days, the Voice and the girl struggled at variance one with the other.

The decision that mattered came about on this wise. One evening about six o'clock Peggy repented to her room to talk with her Master. "Thy will be done on earth," prayed the supplicant. "Will you join The Army?" interjected the Voice. "They will be done," she repeated in an effort to continue. "Will you join The Army?" again persisted the Invisible Questioner.

In a fit of stubbornness, as if to shake off the ubiquitous Presence, she cried aloud, "No! No! No!" And she never finished that sentence. She was suddenly shocked into a state of spiritual sanity. She realized how helious was her impudence to the Almighty. With a heart furrowed by the plough of conviction, eyes sealed with tears of penitence, she glimpsed a vision of a green hill outside the walls of Zion. Those three crosses! That Man in the middle! And her sin helped to do it! Life's shallow worries disappeared in the heights of Golgotha. Superficial considerations were forgotten as she contemplated the tremendous. Then came relief. Her burden—she lost it on Calvary's hill. Her decision—she made it—"Precious Jesus, I will join them—I will."

That night she hastened to the Officers' Quarters to tell of her victory. The door was locked—no one at home. The next morning she sat in the kitchen peeling potatoes. Mother was busy preparing food. Peggy peeled one potato and resolved, "Now I'll tell mother of my decision." She

hesitated—and peeled another potato. "I'll do it when I finish this one, anyway," she whispered. She broke as many resolutions as the potatoes she peeled, until finally she blurted out, "Mother, I've decided to join The Army."

Silence—so thick you could cut it.

"Now look here, Peggy. I've had enough trouble with you over this Army business. And you might just as well understand once and for all that if you go near the place again—you needn't come back home. Understand?" said her mother with unmistakable meaning.

Peggy understood.

Then father was told. More fireworks, ending with the ejaculation, "Well, I always expected you to be the philosopher of the family and you've turned out to be the fool!"

That night a broken-hearted, but nobly resolute girl, tasted the bitter potion which so often is the lot of those who are "fools for Christ's sake." Taking her big Bible she stepped out into the black night of dishonor on earth into an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled.

Peggy went immediately to The Army Quarters and said, timidly, "Please, I have come." She was kindly welcomed, advised, encouraged, presented with an Army bonnet, and soon afterwards stood for the first time in an Army open-air circle. The leader called upon her for a testimony. Then,



"The Salvationist tip-toed to the bedside, bent over the frail form"

brave girl, she stepped into the centre of the ring and spoke, "I heard the voice of Jesus"

"Well, it's me, your brother Frank, speaking now," interrupted a bystander. "Just you come along home with me"—and he gripped her by the arm.

"I won't budge an inch!" cried Peggy, deliberately. And that has been a trait in her character ever since—an unbudgeable loyalty to God and truth. There was a bit of a tussle, when a policeman interfered and forced Frank to release the girl.

And from the overhanging mountain crag yonder came a familiar Voice: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Three years passed, during which time Peggy did not cross the threshold of her own home. Mother had said that she could never enter the house if she insisted on wearing uniform. So Peggy just stayed away.

However, during those years our heroine was kept too busy to worry. In three Montana cities, Helena, Great Falls and Missoula, she lay out her life to bless the people. But some folks, especially certain men, didn't appreciate it. She frequently entered the saloons and pool-rooms to take up the collection. One time several of the old guzzlers thought they would be real smart and pour beer into her tambourine, so that the nickels stuck to the skin. Or, perhaps, the card-sharpers would give her a fist-full of poker chips, which, by the way, wouldn't pay salaries, rent and coal bills. Then, some mischievous chap, old enough to know better, would look her in the gambling den, and cheer his miserable soul by a half-hour's teasing. Ah! What longings for a glimpse of home and mother sometimes possessed her.

One day she went home—uniform and all. During her brief stay she had the joy of leading

a prayer meeting in the Methodist Church, her father attending. In proper Salvation Army style she had a season for testimonies. The meeting was bristling with life and interest, when suddenly Captain Peggy addressed her father down in the pews. "Now, brother, we will have your testimony!" The poor man was shocked. The daughter he had scolded, spanked, called a fool, denied a nickname, and put out of home—was now in the seat of the mighty. He testified.

* * *

Many more years passed.

Peggy, an Adjutant in The Salvation Army, one day received a sudden call to return to the little grey home in the west. Her mother was dying, and it was mother's wish that Peggy and Edith, her two daughters who had been ostracised from home, might be at her bedside as she stepped into Jordan's chilly waters.

How true it is—that—

"God works in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform."

There was Peggy, Salvationist, who had been dismissed from the family circle because of her radical religious views. There was Edith, Roman Catholic, who had likewise been thrust from the home because of religious differences in quite another direction. While on the bed lay the mother, Presbyterian, who had been so bigoted in her treatment of the girls. However, in the presence of death's grim reality, these three, once widely separated, were mysteriously drawn together by the cords of Divine love. All are one—in Christ—for He is greater than creeds.

The minister visited the home just before the end. The sacrament was prepared.

"Peggy," feebly called the failing mother's voice. "Peggy, you have been a good girl. I am going the way of all the earth, and I should die happy if you would take the sacrament with me."

Peggy, Salvationist and non-sacramentalian, consented.

The minister and the two girls knelt; the cup

was passed, the bread broken.

"Take, eat; this is my body which is broken of you Drink ye all of it. This is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for you."

Stillness.

Then the child of Rome broke out in prayer, "Dear God, it is never hard for us to speak to Thee. Forgive us our sins, and keep Peggy and me true to each other—and to Thee."

The child of The Army prayed, too: "Thank You, Jesus, for bringing us together this way. Please grip mother's hand and guide her through the Vale. Make our hearts pure, and may we meet her in Heaven."

And the clergyman, strangely moved, prayed.

Then the Roman Catholic sister went to the organ, and opened the Presbyterian hymnal. They lifted their voices in singing these words:

"My broken body thus I give
For you, for all, take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings my wondrous love to view.
My blood I thus pour forth, He cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies,
In this the covenant is sealed
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed."

Then help came. It always had—does—from the eternal hills. The Voice of Him Who inhabits the eternal hills of Glory spoke: "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you." As Protestant and Catholic continued their singing, the Salvationist tip-toed to the bedside, bent over the frail form, and very softly, tenderly whispered the Revelator's words: "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Even these things, and much which will never be written, happened in the life of Major Margaret Lewis, of Territorial Headquarters.

ARE YOU CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST?

That Christ was crucified there is no shadow of a doubt. Apart from the Word of God, there are abundant proofs that the great sacrifice was made, that our Redeemer fought the fight, drank the bitter cup, went up the hill, yielded Himself to His murderers, and finished the work He came to do. It is also equally true that He rose again, ascended on high, sits at the right hand of His Father, is the Intercessor for the whole sinning world, and the surety for all who lay claim to His Salvation and rest in His love.

When we think of the price He paid for our Salvation, remembering that God gave His only begotten Son; that the Son gave Himself, and, in spite of every opposing force, went through to the end and finished the work He came to do, the call comes to us with irresistible force to follow in His footsteps and yield ourselves, body, soul and spirit, to Him.

PAUL'S CRUCIFIXION.

The Apostle Paul speaks of being "crucified with Christ"; and again, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."

The question that heads this article needs an answer. Can you say, as Paul said, with all humility of spirit, and yet with triumphant faith, "I am crucified with Christ?"

It may be that some one will ask, "Why should I yield myself upon the altar of sacrifice?" There are various reasons; but coming back to the great Apostle, we can find an answer in these powerful words of his—"That the body of sin might be destroyed; that henceforth we should not serve sin."

How often it is set before us in the Word of God that we cannot be followers or disciples of Jesus Christ unless we are prepared to take up the Cross in our every day life and warfare. We are constantly reminded that unless there has been the embracing of the Cross, the crucifixion of the "old man," the literal yielding up of oneself to the great purpose for which Jesus Christ came into the world, it is all a failure.

LOVING THE UNLOVABLE.

How vividly there comes to the mind of the writer a touching scene witnessed while leading a meeting, some years ago. Sitting in front of him was a poor, wretched, sobbering drunkard. His face was filthy, but down it rolled big tears as the meeting continued. A dear Soldier went to his side, put an arm around him, took a beautiful clean handkerchief, and every now and then wiped the drunkard's mouth and eyes, eventually leading him to the mercy-seat, where he prayed over him and helped him to trust

Christ. Then he took the sobered man home, gave him supper, and brought him back again to the meeting, and never rested until he got him on his feet.

Some one who witnessed the sight said, with tears in his eyes, "I am afraid I am not well enough saved to hug a poor old drunkard like that." Why? The answer was not far to seek. He had not yet gotten the power from his Lord to love the unlovable.

NOT GOLGOTHA ONLY.

Christ bids us take up our Cross daily and follow Him. It not only means coming to a decision, yielding up oneself, giving over to God all one has and is, but the daily dying. It not only means the Golgotha, but to stand for Christ on the streets of one's native city, in the home, in the workshop, in the wilderness; to go on with the work of mercy, to face the manifold difficulties, trials, and temptations of life, and triumph over them in the strength and power of God. He trod the wine-press alone. He went to the very end of the lines of denial and sacrifice. He fought the Calvary battle before He went to the Cross; as witness, His frequent references to His death, and His agony in the garden. He hated not Himself, in order that He might save us.

A PAINFUL PROCESS.

Perhaps there is nothing in the process of crucifixion that appeals more painfully to the imagination than the nailing of the hands and feet to the Cross of wood. Terrible as the human suffering may be, yet in the nailing to the Cross there is implied security. No doubt the poet had that idea in his mind when he penned those words, "Nail my affections to the Cross." May there be impressed upon all who read this article the great necessity of nailing to the Cross their affections, and also their promises.

Even as the seaman, who, in the thick of the battle, nailed the ship & colors to the mast, so that they should not be struck in token of surrender, so must we make fast to the Cross our vows, our promises. So that, while others seek to gratify their worldly ambitions and seek after this world's goods and the good-will of the people around them, we shall be fixed in our high and holy resolutions, and made fast to His service in our consecration, and thus be able to say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." How can it be done?

In the same old way! The royal way to Heaven is the royal way of the Cross, the way of surrender, the way of consecration. When

can it be done?

Thank God, now is the accepted time.



THE SALVATION ARMY

BY ITS WORKS OF LOVE AND MERCY,
BOTH IN PEACE AND WAR, THE SALVATION
ARMY HAS BECOME HONORED AND
ENDEARED TO THE HEARTS OF THE
NATIONS OF THE WORLD.



THE WAR CRY OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Founder WILLIAM BOOTH in Canada East, General Newfoundland BRAMWELL BOOTH and Bermuda

International Headquarters:
LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commander:
Commissioner Charles Sowton
James and Albert Streets, Toronto

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All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

HALLELUJAH!

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Let the sun's eclipses o'er!
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise:
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where's thy victory; boasting Grave?

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its benevolent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST
"I give, devise and bequeath unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$_____ (or my property, known as No. _____ in the City or Town where I now reside) to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth or other General for the time being, the sum of _____ to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other General for the time being, to attest, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following: "For use in (specify or other work carried on by The Salvation Army)." For further information apply to

COMMISSIONER SOWTON,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto (2)

THE BLESSING OF GOD HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE SALVATION ARMY, BECAUSE THE ORGANIZATION HAS BEEN TRUE TO THE TWO GREAT FUNDAMENTALS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH — BLOOD AND FIRE.

THE TRUTH WE TEACH

"JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED"

The Salvation Army is the great witness of modern times to the power of the Truth. Without wealth, or reputation, or influence or human aid, in spite of hatred, obloquy, ignorance, and persecution, it has won a place in the history of God's dealings with the world, which now commands the attention and esteem of nearly all good men. A world-wide agency has been raised up from the ranks of the poor, by the labors of the poor, for the Salvation of the poor. This has been done by the power and proclamation of Jesus Christ as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and the actual example of His people.

Here is a summary of the leading facts of our teaching and witness.

God the Creator, rightful Ruler and final Judge of all men, claims their love and service. That love and service are made possible by the life, death, and resurrection of His only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, who tasted death for every man.

Every man is by nature and choice a sinner in danger of eternal damnation but every man may have his sins forgiven, and know it by the work and witness of the Holy Spirit, if he will give up all sin and believe on Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ will save His people from all sin—that is, from the guilt and power of all evil in the heart and life.

All the servants of Jesus Christ ought to follow His example and seek the Salvation of men with all their might. They must live for this, fight for it, suffer for it, and, if need be, die for it.

A Salvationist must not live to please himself. He must not drink intoxicating liquor, or use any narcotic, join in worldly amusements, dress in worldly fashion, or seek worldly fame or wealth. He must be honest, straightforward, kind, true, peaceful. He must live for eternity and for others.

Soldiers of The Salvation Army must obey orders, rejoice always, and never weary in well-doing. They should wear uniform; testify everywhere for Christ; reprove sin; pray often; read the Bible; give at least one-tenth of all they receive to God's cause; love all men, and trust in God always.

"NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS."

"Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer; being defamed, we entreat."

"THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD IS ENMITY WITH GOD."

All Souls are God's. All Men may be Saved. All Sin may be Cured. All are Called to Share the Cross.

ALL MAY WIN THE CROWN. ALL THE BIBLE IS TRUE.

ALL THE GLORY IS GOD'S. HALLELUJAH!

THE SALVATION ARMY ACTIVITIES IN EIGHTY-ONE COUNTRIES AND COLONIES

Corps and Outposts	14,107	Accommodation	4,250
Social Institutions and Agencies	1,431	Women received in these Homes during year ...	8,938
Day Schools	995	Children's Homes	96
Officers and Cadets	22,362	Accommodation	4,497
Local Officers	95,414	Creeches	28
Bandsmen and Songsters	81,418	Industrial Schools	17
Y.P. Bandsmen	10,450	Accommodation	1,160
Periodicals Published	100	Ex-prisoner's Homes	15
Total Copies per Issue ..	1,774,006	Accommodation	620
Languages	58	Ex-criminals received during year	2,451
Naval and Military Homes	33	Labor Bureaux	145
Inebriates' Homes	6	Applied for work during the year	276,456
Maternity Homes	59	Situations found during year	164,014
Accommodation	1,911		
Women's Indust'l Homes	127		

TO OUR FRIENDS

Our Easter and Christmas Numbers reach thousands of friends around the world, we are sure to have more news of what God is helping the Organization to do for the betterment of the world. THE WAR CRY may be obtained weekly from local Corps, or by subscription sent direct to The Publisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2).

Any friends desirous of studying the doctrines, principles, and methods of The Salvation Army can obtain books by its Friends, and The Army Manual, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by leading Officers, from the Trade Secretary, at Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2).

Inquiries concerning anything connected with The Salvation Army will gladly be answered if addressed to Commissioner Sowton, Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2). Statements of Account and Balance Sheets, which duly audited by firms of repute, are published annually, will be forwarded upon application.

Friends who desire that the work of The Salvation Army shall benefit under their wills, will be given any information desired, direct or through their legal advisers.

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and will befriend, and as far as possible, assist any person in difficulty. Address Colonel William Macrae, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2), marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department. Similar services in the British Isles can also be arranged.

Address your communication to:—The Resident Secretary, 341 University Street, St. John's, Nfld.; or the Secretary, 16 Albert Street, Toronto; 385 Ontario Street, London, Ont.; 97 Bridge Street, Moncton, N.B.; 114 Beckwith Street, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 808 Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ont.

OUR TRADE DEPARTMENT

The necessity of Trading operations in The Army may have been born in the heart and mind of our Founder, otherwise such a thing would never have come into being. The need which brought about the commencement of such a group, with the development of The Army.

OUR DESIRE is the same as that which prompted the Trading service to our comrades. OUR AIM, is to help you, via that of making our comrades and friends feel that in buying from The Army they can always buy with confidence, feeling the prices are just and the goods good. OUR SODA-GAN, as well, is exactly the same as the one adopted by our grand old Founder when he started this section of operations, i.e., "Every cent profits to be used in a good cause."

"Why should the Salvationists patronise the Trade Department?"

Answer:—"The Salvationists ought to buy everything he needs, if he has the Trade Department, and he may do so with the comfortable feeling that not only will he be dealt with honestly but that if he cents profit is the result, it will do us much good. The Kingdom of Jesus Christ, as it would if he put the ten cents on the collection plate at a meeting."

A CALL FROM JERUSALEM.

By WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY



AM in Jerusalem, at the very heart of the scenes for ever hallowed by my Lord and Master's life, sufferings and death. I have visited Bethlehem, and in imagination I have listened to the anthems with which the angels heralded the Saviour's coming to our world; I have walked the streets of the city once trodden by His sacred feet; I have stood on the brow of Mount Olivet, and gazed with the deepest sympathy upon the pitying tears He wept over those who were about to shed His blood; and I have looked on the other places made memorable by their connection with the tragic incidents of His earthly career.

They have shown me the Pool of Siloam and the village of Bethany; while Nazareth, Jericho, and the River Jordan lay in the distance. They have shown me the reputed sites of the Temple, of the place of the Master's betrayal, of the Palace of Herod, and of the Judgment Hall where Pilate condemned Him to die. And as I looked back into that Hall, I saw again the crown of thorns, the mocking robe, the mimic sceptre, the cruel scourging, while down through the ages I seemed to hear again the cries of the mob, "Crucify Him!"

With indescribable feelings I have knelt in the Garden of Gethsemane, ascended the Hill called Calvary, and worshipped with solemn awe on the very ground where stood the Cross of Shame on which my Lord purchased, by His broken Heart, abundant sovereign, saving grace to meet the needs of the whole human family.

I have looked into the empty Sepulchre, where, cold in the arms of death, my Saviour lay, and have wond'ringly beheld the Mount from which He ascended to the Father, triumphant over Sin, and Death, and Hell, to

Jerusalem, March 9th, 1905

plead the cause of the world He had so gloriously redeemed.

As my eyes have rested upon these sacred scenes, again the old question has suggested itself: Why all this suffering? Why did He live? For what did He die? And then, I have remembered the answer which came from His own blessed lips, "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost."

That was His commission, received from the Father; and as the Father commissioned Him, so He commissioned His disciples; and if we are His disciples our task is the same—namely, the Salvation of the lost. About the length and breadth of the commission there can be no mistake. Beyond question it comprehended then, and comprehends to-day, the conditional deliverance of every man from every sin, irrespective of nationality, character, or circumstances. Whosoever cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out. By the grace of God He tasted death for every man. He was, and is, the One Saviour of the whole world.

But standing here to-day may I not make a special claim on behalf of the more helpless and hopeless section of the peoples? Could their condition be much more unlike that Kingdom which He came to establish, or more closely resemble what we know of the Kingdom of Hell?

Look at the cruel, selfish, senseless, inhuman wars in which the poor are ever the main sufferers! Look at the starvation in which millions slowly pine, wasting and wallowing until delivered from their misery by the grave!

Look at the countless array of drunkards held by the chains of their demoralizing appetites! Think of their desolate wives and children, their dreary homes, and of their march to death and Hell.

Look at the hideous slavery of impurity, flaunting itself in the very centre of civilization and Christianity, and at the debasing results that follow in its train!

Look at the melancholy criminals shut behind prison bars, for whose reformation, for this world or the next, so little intelligent effort is made! Look at the gay, frivolous crowds found everywhere who, in the pairiest pursuits, waste the sacred opportunities given them to bless their fellows and prepare to meet their God!

Look at the dark, heathen world, numbering more than half of the earth's population, utterly ignorant of the mercy of Jesus and often abandoned to conditions of misery and vice terrible to contemplate!

Comrades, friends, belonging to every section of the Christian faith, look at the waste howling wilderness only faintly pictured here. Look at it! Oh, look with the spirit of the great Christ when He stood upon this sacred Hill, the spirit in which He looks at it to-day, and say, will you not do something adequate for those poor sufferers?

I am not oblivious to the Christianizing efforts already made by the disciples of the Cross. I am not unmindful of the noble temples which have been erected, of the intellectual systems which have been formulated, of the impressive ceremonies which have been originated, of the powerful organizations which have been created in His name; neither do I overlook the fight being made in every corner of the globe for the benefit of the peoples

In whose interests I plead. I thank God for all this loving toil, but the time has more than come to go further out and deeper down than ever before in the ocean of moral depravity and woe, into this veritable Hell upon earth, to seek out and save its denizens of darkness.

The followers of Jesus Christ are sufficiently powerful to grapple effectively with this underworld of agony, and at the risk of being thought guilty of a presumption, standing here on this sacred Mount, I feel I must send forth a Call to them to come with their wealth, learning, ability, and influence, and let us make a united fight to save the people.

Let us make a great fight to save them from the cruel poverty in which they pine. Let us save the slaves of vice by taking them the Christ who can change their characters by changing their hearts.

Comrades, friends, and strangers, do not pass these poor words because my name has no place high in the roll of Church dignitaries, or because it is unrecognized by any popular school of philosophy, or is not endorsed with the authority of any powerful Government. If the Call is in harmony with the mission of Jesus Christ, with the noblest instincts in your own nature, with the urging of the Holy Spirit, with the needs of the suffering, listen to it, and in some way try to give it effect.

Turn to the men, women, and children around you who need your help; go to work at once, and if no other means of rescue be at hand, avail yourself of the services of my own dear people. But do something! By the hell on earth these poor creatures suffer to-day; by the agony of the Cross under the shadow of which I make this appeal, I plead for a united, desperate, persistent effort to save the lost!